

I can see my baby swingin'. Feel like I'm dying, but It's love. by OppositeDoor292

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Characters: Billy Hargrove, Chief Hopper, Jim Hopper, Max Mayfield, Steve Harrington

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Summary:

Y/n doesn't have a good relationship with billy. He's not good for her, he knows it, so does she. But he's addictive like heroin, and Y/N's a fuckin' junkie when he comes around.

1. Fuck it, I love you.

Sometimes I think I might love him.

I know I'm being really stupid but hell, I'm happy. I deserve to be happy after everything steve put me through, and I . . . when Billy nearly died during that attack with the demogorgon I just . . . I think I deserve to be happy, y'know? I don't think you do, do you? I don't suppose it matters anymore. Not to me, atleast.

"Hey, lil red." Billy ruffles my hair affectionately. I nuzzle against him, shivering despite wearing a thick jumper that makes me look like a great grey bear. It's hoppers, not mine. Hopper's my deadbeat dad and, although he's a drunk and a skunk and I really fuckin' wish he'd stop telling me Billy ain't good, I love him. he doesn't know I let billy in my room. He'd probably kill him if he found out Billy even stepped past the landing, let alone my bedroom. But who cares? Id deserve to be happy.

Billy makes me happy.

"Hey." I say, stretching out fully if only to curl back up in a ball, with billy's hand stroking my hair lazily like I'm some kind of dog. Probably a golden retriever, or a really stupid german shepherd. Which I have, by the way, and his name is Kaiser. Cool name for a dog, right? Hopper picked it, not me.

"Is my little red sleepy?" He laughs, tipping his head backwards. His eyes are pink and blood-shot, and it's because he's high. I don't take drugs. I don't like the taste or the smell, and I'm sure I'd go crazy If I even tried it. Hopper would kill me, too. Billy snuggles down under the covers, his jean jacket uncomfortable and pushing into my skin. "Take your jacket off." I complain, pulling at his sleeve, "I can't cuddle when you wear it." Billy bats his long eyelashes, coquettishly.

"Aww. Ain't that sweet." He takes off his jacket, chuckling while he does it. "You wanna cuddle with lil ole me?" I push him, impatient. "Not anymore. You take too long, billy."

"Quit yapping at me, babe." It's raining again. Its always raining in hawkins. I had planned to go to the diner with max later but she was at the arcade with her friends. Girls night could wait. She needed to expand her friend group anyway. "I was gonna go with max today." I tell him, quiet. Billy nods, nochalant. His hand rests on my hip, his finger sliding into my belt loop to pull me closer, "Why? She's a bitch."

I jab him in his toned stomach, irked. "She's not. Your just a dick."

"Someone's feeling frisky." Billy teases, pouting like a petulant child. I roll my eyes, "You wish. I am not letting your std infested dick near my premium pussy." Though right now, I'm so fuckin' close to him. I can feel him getting . . . well, ya know.

"Your designa' vagina?" He laughs at me, insolent and rude. Sometimes He gets on my last nerves but I love him, or maybe I just like him, or maybe I . . . Fuck it, I don't know. Everythings confusing now.

I mean, its not like I wouldn't say no if he tried it. I just don't want to do it with him yet. Virginity is a concept made up by society. It doesn't determine your worth as a person, but I feel like maybe I would want to lose it in a special way. Billy would try it on a whim in his car, or in the woods, and I don't think he'd wear a condom. He's never tried to push or pressure me into doing it, as much as I want to I just can't do it. I want rose petals and candles, wine and fresh linen bedsheets, and a steamy kiss, and I want it to be focused on my pleasure, all of it. He has to give me everything, or it'll be a waste. I'll have lost my virginity and it'll be a shit-show.

I think it's to do with control, but I'm the submissive type. I'm not shy or cute, because I'm kinda tall and curvy and my legs are basically the same size as billy's, but his are a bit bigger. I have big boobs and big hips and my waist is small but I'm never gonna be the type to be skinny, short and cute like a fuckin' mouse. I have curly red hair that billy loves. I know it because he's constantly curling my hair around his finger, letting it spring back into place and doing it again. He smells it, when he thinks I'm not looking. Fuckin' weirdo. It's cute though, and I know it's because I always smeel nice; Like coconuts and fresh oranges and pineapples.

"When's your dad back?" He asks me, letting me rest my head on his chest. I can hear his heartbeat beneath me; Thump, Thump and Thump. "Soon. So you'd better leave." I tell him, reluctant. I don't really want him to leave.

He kisses me when he jumps out the window, "See ya little red." And I think I might love him.

Well, only a little.

2. chapter 2

It was boiling hot outside when i stepped out onto the wood porch and let the screen door close behind me, and i felt the warm air hit my face like a sharp slap, as my father grunted his response while taking a slug from an old brown beer-bottle. He wiped his mouth with the back of his bare wrist, and his gold watch shone, making my nose wrinkle when it stung my eyes. I pushed my sunglasses further up my nose when he said, whilst checking the time, "Shit, y/n. Could you have taken any damn longer?"

"You wouldn't let me wear my bikini." i said, resolutely. my feet felt bare despite my thin flip-flops, and i grabbed my towel from hopper to sling it over my shoulder, resting against the sticky sun-cream that glimmered palely beneath the orange sun. Hopper unlocked the car door and went to the other side. "Too many damn boys lookin' at you." and he doffed his sherrif hat to me when i settled down neatly in the passenger seat, before i arched my back and complained about the hot leather.

"Can't you turn on the AC? i'm sweating like a sinner in church."

Hopper blew air through his wide nostrils and rubbed the bridge of his nose between his fingers. i took his silence as a yes, and deftly reached down to turn the little silver knob, before sighing happily back into the seat. I rolled the window down and stuck my left arm out, letting it rest easy in the simple breeze. Hopper turned the radio on, and he drove in silence the entire journey to the public pool.

I was going with some friends, and promised max I'd meet her there at 4:00 and take her shopping, considering billy wouldn't dare dream of stepping foot inside a mall, and her mother was far too busy with work and tending to her prick-husband. She'd phoned me last night and we'd only talked for five minutes before my sloppy, slobbish boyfriend pushed her away from the phone and took over. i could still hear his dark laughter, could even picture the lazy smile he'd worn the whole 2 hours we'd talked, until hopper had roared and raged at me to get the bloody hell off the phone, and shut my trap.

My dad pulled up outside the public pool and i turned to him. "You

sure you don't wanna come?"

He shook his head and didn't meet my stare. "i'm good, kiddo." He said, firmly, and reached across with one thick arm to push the door open. I took that as my cue to leave, picked up my towel and purse, stuffed it inside my old crochet bag, and pressed a quick kiss to Hoppers cheek, bristled and bearded. "Thanks, dad." I murmured, grinning a little as the tips of his ears tinged pink. He was never one for affection, hardly even dared to give me a hug sometimes, but i knew he liked me kissing him goodbye. When i was little and still small enough to be considered cute, he'd run in the door with his arms wide open and shout, "Come kiss me if you love me!" and both my mother and I would dart up, skirts swaying, to press eager kisses upon his forehead and dimpled cheeks.

My mother was dead now, though. A freak accident when i was twelve; she'd been killed after a drunk driver scared her off the road into a swamp, where she'd tried to escape but drowned. She'd been proclaimed missing for 24 days before my dad found her body, mangled and water-logged, still stuck in her old caddilac. I had loved my mother, honestly, i did but it was so difficult now, i could barely remember her face. I had a picture of her in my bedroom that i'd flip down to face the plain white wood surface, when Billy came over to stay, but sometimes my memories grew blurry and i couldn't remember the big things, let alone the little things.

I forced myself to forget the memories and sniffed, knuckling my nose. Hopper raised a large hand and ruffled my hair fondly. He sighed and his smile was sad, somewhat crooked. "I'll be workin' late tonight, kiddo. Think you could cook me something to come home to?"

I stepped out of the car and closed the door. I made a pathetic attempt to smile back at him. "Sure, dad."

And he revved up the engine, i blew him a kiss, and he frowned. "love you too, y/n." and drove away before i could barely even crack another smile.